

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

ANNE RICE'S

THE MUMMY

or Ramses the Damned



THE MUMMY

Or Ramses the Damned

ADAPTED BY:
Faye Perozich

FROM THE NOVEL BY:
Anne Rice

LAYOUTS:
Mark Menendez

COVER & INTERIOR:
Mark Menendez

EDITED BY:
Paul Davis/
Mark Ellis

ART DIRECTION:
Melissa Martin

*Special Thanks to:
Deirdre DeLay*

millennium

A COSMIC HORROR, DORMANT FOR CENTURIES,
IS ABOUT TO WAKEN . . .

GOD HELP US ALL.

NOW,
THE
TERROR
REALLY
BEGINS!



Based on characters and concepts
created by legendary horror writer

H.P. LOVECRAFT

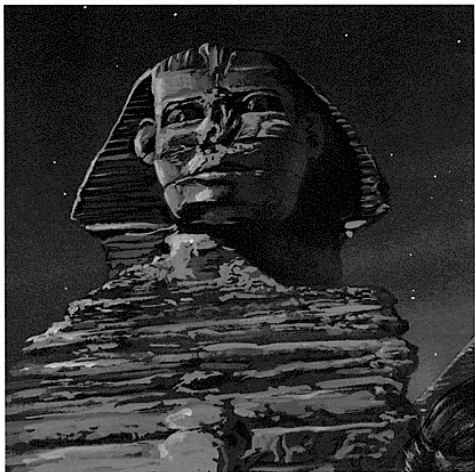
A 32 page color book coming this December from
MILLENNIUM

Anne Rice's "The Mummy or Ramses the Damned", Book Nine, November 1991. Published monthly by
Millennium Publications, Inc. The Mummy, or Ramses the Damned © 1989, Anne O'Brien Rice.
Art © 1990 Millennium Publishing. Editorial Office: P.O. Box 5268, Sun City, FL 33571

No.
9

Suggested For
MATURE READERS

\$2.50 U.S.
\$3.00 Canada



millennium



YOU
STAND HERE
STILL.



I REMEMBER A TIME
WHEN ALL ANSWERS
HAD SEEMED TO
BE SO SIMPLE...

...WHEN I, THE BRAVE
KING, HAD TAKEN A
LIFE WITH A SWIFT
BLOW OF MY SWORD.



WHY DO YOU
NOT DRINK?



I AM NOT
FOOL ENOUGH
TO DRINK IT.



A THOUSAND TIMES I'VE
WONDERED IF THAT HAD
NOT BEEN MY FIRST AND
MOST TERRIBLE SIN--



-TO KILL THE INNOCENT
PRIESTESS WHOSE LAUGHTER
STILL ECHOES IN MY EARS.

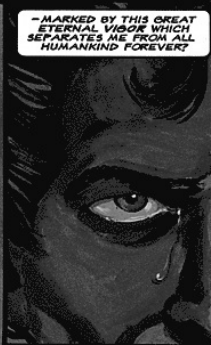




AM I TRULY
DAMNED
FOR THAT?



A WANDERER ON THE
FACE OF THE EARTH
LIKE THE BIBLICAL CAIN-



- MARKED BY THIS GREAT
ETERNAL VIOOR WHICH
SEPARATES ME FROM ALL
HUMANKIND FOREVER?



I DO NOT KNOW...
I KNOW ONLY THAT I
CANNOT BEAR TO
BE THE ONLY ONE
ANY LONGER.



YET, WHAT IF MY
ISOLATION IS
MEANT TO BE?



GOD OF
MY FATHERS, OF
MY LAND...

...LOOK DOWN
ON ME WITH
FORGIVENESS.



TEACH ME
THE WAY! TEACH
ME WHAT I MUST
DO TO GIVE BACK
TO NATURE WHAT I
HAVE TAKEN!



I AM NO GOD.
I KNOW NOTHING
OF CREATION, AND
LITTLE OF JUSTICE.

BUT ONE THING
IS CERTAIN -

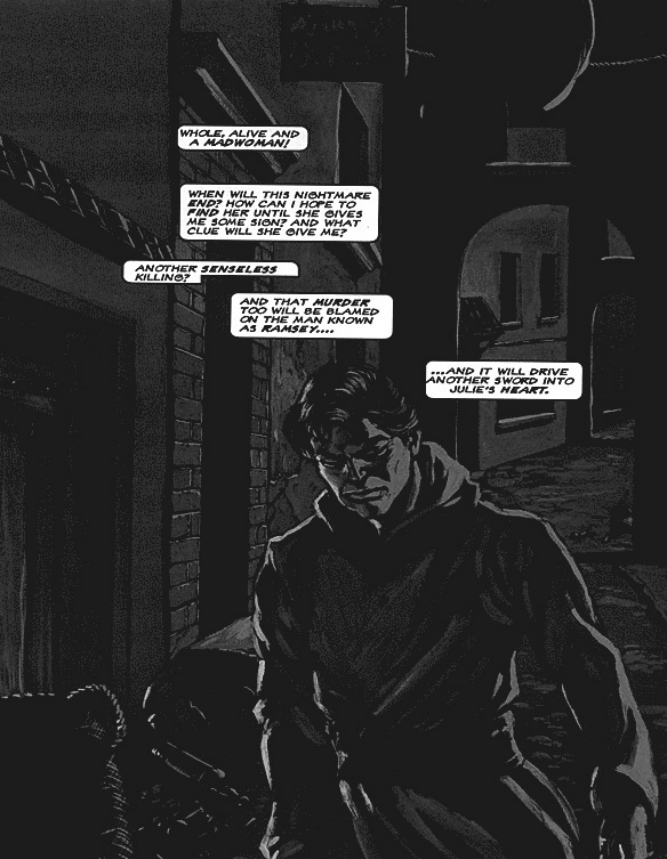


-THOSE WHO
MADE US ALL KNOW
LITTLE OF JUSTICE,
EITHER.

OR WHAT THEY DO
KNOW, GREAT SPHINX,
IS LIKE YOUR WISDOM...



...A VERY
GREAT SECRET.

A black and white comic book panel showing a man in a dark, heavy coat walking through a dark, narrow alleyway. He is looking down with a somber expression. The background shows brick walls and a doorway.

WHOLE, ALIVE AND
A MADWOMAN!

WHEN WILL THIS NIGHTMARE
END? HOW CAN I HOPE TO
FIND HER UNTIL SHE GIVES
ME SOME SIGN? AND WHAT
CLUE WILL SHE GIVE ME?

ANOTHER SENSELESS
KILLING?

AND THAT MURDER
TOO WILL BE BLAMED
ON THE MAN KNOWN
AS RAMSEY....

...AND IT WILL DRIVE
ANOTHER SWORD INTO
JULIE'S HEART.

CHAPTER NINE

Losing Ground In The Red Queen's Race

THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE
THAT JULIE WILL EVER
FORGIVE ME NOW -

I HAVE SACRIFICED A FINER,
STRONGER LOVE FOR A
PASSION THAT HAD
ENSLAVED ME
CENTURIES AGO.

ALL CONSOLATION IS
NOW QUITE BEYOND
MY REACH.

POUNCE
FANON
PUNTS, IN



...I AM TIRED.
GENTLEMEN.
I NEED MY
REST NOW.



LORD RUTHERFORD,
WE ARE DEALING WITH
SEVERAL MURDERS!



TWO YOUNG MEN,
MURDERED--

I HAVE TOLD
YOU...I KNOW
NOTHING
ABOUT IT!



NOW, I
MUST GO.



HENRY STRATFORD.
WHERE CAN WE FIND
HIM?

HENRY FREQUENTS
THE WORST PARTS
OF CAIRO. I DON'T
KNOW WHERE HE IS.



WHAT??
I'M A BRITISH
CITIZEN! YOU
DARE TO -

MILORD, COULD
HENRY STRATFORD
BE CONNECTED TO
THESE KILLINGS?

DO NOT
ATTEMPT TO LEAVE
CAIRO, SIR. WE HAVE
YOUR PASSPORTS.



FINNING IT ON HENRY...
OH, BUT IT IS OBVIOUS!



THEN WHY
WAS RAMSEY
AT THE MUSEUM?

TRYING
TO STOP
HENRY.

WE MIGHT
BE LOOKING FOR
THE WRONG MAN.

HE -AH- MUST
HAVE FOLLOWED
HENRY. RAMSEY
WAS DESPERATE
TO TALK TO HIM-

- FOR
JULIE'S
SAKE .



I'M BEGINNING TO
SEE A PATTERN...

BUT WHAT COULD MAKE
YOUNG STRATFORD
RUN AMOK LIKE
THAT?



GAMBLING, MY
GOOD MAN. IT
DESTROYED
HIS LIFE.

COURTESY

TELEPHONE

GERALD?
I'M IN A BIT OF
LEGAL TROUBLE.
HENRY'S MIXED
UP IN IT. YES.

I'M AT
SHEPHEARD'S.
AH, WONDERFUL.
I KNEW I COULD
COUNT ON YOU.

FATHER,
THANK **GOD** YOU'RE
BACK! THEY'VE
CONFISCATED OUR
PASSPORTS!

ALEX,
PACK YOUR
TRUNK.

PITFIELD WILL
HAVE YOUR
PASSPORTS
BACK BEFORE
MORNING.

BUT FATHER—
WHO IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE **MURDERS**?

SON, I DON'T
WANT TO BE
THE ONE TO
TELL YOU **OR**
JULIE...

BUT IT LOOKS
AS IF HENRY
IS **DEEPLY**
INVOLVED.

AND THEN YOU
AND JULIE ARE
TO BE ON THE
TRAIN.

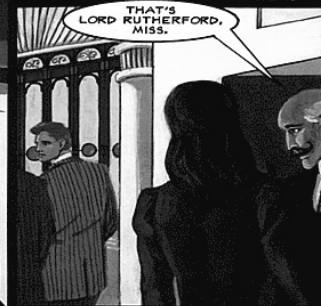


YES, I LIKE SHEPHEARD'S ALREADY.

THIS IS AN ELEGANT WORLD,
THESE MODERN TIMES.

ONE HAS TO SEE
SUCH A PLACE AS
THIS TO GRASP
THE POSSIBILITIES.

MAY I HELP
YOU, MISS?





LAWRENCE STRATFORD,
THE GREAT ARCHE-
OLOGIST...THE ONE WHO
MADE THE DISCOVERY
OF THE RAMSES TOMB.

WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?

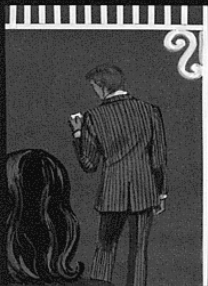
THE ONE THAT
DUG UP THE
MUMMY- OF
RAMSES THE
DAMNED.

RAMSES
THE...
DAMNED?!?

YES, MISS...
QUITE A STORY.

NO,
YOU HAVE BEEN
SIMPLY SUPER.
VERY OKAY!

ANYTHING
ELSE I CAN DO
FOR YOU?



I'M ALEX
SAVARELL. YES.
I DON'T BELIEVE
I'VE HAD THE
PLEASURE.



VISCOUNT SUMMERFIELD,
SON OF LORD RUTHERFORD?



I'M HUNGRY.
WOULDN'T YOU SHOW
ME TO THE
BANQUET ROOM?

I'D BE
DELIGHTED!



WHAT AN
UNEXPECTED
PLEASURE!



WHAT IN GOD'S NAME
HAS HAPPENED HERE?!



GOOD LORD,
DAVIS - THERE'S
A WOMAN DEAD
HERE!!

T-THAT'S
MALENKA FROM
THE BABYLON!

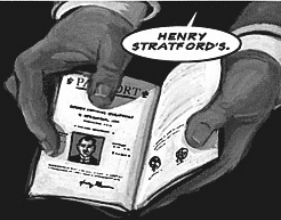


I DON'T THINK WE
NEED A WARRANT
UNDER THESE
CIRCUMSTANCES.



LOOK -
THESE RAGS
LOOK LIKE...
MUMMY
WRAPPINGS.

I FOUND
SOMETHING...



HENRY
STRATFORD'S.

PASSPORT

HENRY STRATFORD'S
10, BROADWAY, NEW YORK
NEW YORK



Henry Stratford's





MAY I CALL YOU
YOUR HIGHNESS?

YES...
YOU
MAY.



LET US
BANQUET IN MY
ROOMS...LEAVE
THIS PLACE TO BE
ALONE THERE.

SUITE TWO-Oh-ONE.



WE'LL TAKE THE
LIFT TO THE
SECOND FLOOR.

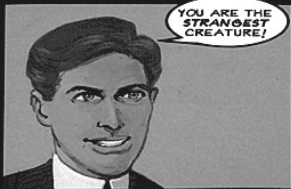


YES, YOUR
HIGHNESS.
THE LIFT.

THE...
LIFT?



THE ROOM
MOVED.



YOU
MUSTN'T LEAVE
ME TONIGHT, SAMIR.
NOT TILL WE HEAR
FROM HIM.

I'LL BE
HERE,
JULIE.





HOW LONG
HAVE YOU
BEEN HERE?



A LITTLE
WHILE...NOW,
LET ME HOLD
YOU...

WHERE IS SHE?



I DON'T
KNOW...I HAVE
LOST HER.



TELL ME
WHAT'S
HAPPENED.



YOU GAVE
HER MORE
OF IT!

JULIE ...





YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN HER...
YOU HAVE NOT
HEARD HER
WEEPING.

WHAT DID
YOU MEAN -
YOU DON'T
KNOW
WHERE SHE
IS?

SHE ESCAPED
FROM ME...
AND SHE IS
MAD...



...ABSOLUTELY
MAD.

YOU MUST NEVER
BREW THE ELIXIR
AGAIN...WHATEVER
REMAINS...CONSUME
IT.



DO YOU
REALIZE
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING?



IS...IS SHE
BEAUTIFUL?



AS BEAUTIFUL
AS YOU...BUT
YOU WERE RIGHT—
SHE IS NOT
CLEOPATRA.



SHE IS A MONSTER
LOOKING THROUGH
CLEOPATRA'S EYES.



I WILL UNDO
THIS ERROR...I
WILL PUT HER
BACK INTO THE
DARKNESS.



THERE MUST BE
SOME OTHER WAY!



WHAT HAVE I
DONE TO YOUR
LIFE, JULIE?

TO ALL YOUR
TENDER DREAMS
AND AMBITIONS?



I-I CANNOT
LIVE WITHOUT
YOU, RAMSES...
REASON HAS
NOTHING TO
DO WITH IT...



BUT IT'S THIS CREATURE
YOU'VE RESURRECTED
THAT YOU'VE WRONGED
...AND YOU SPEAK OF
BURYING HER ALIVE!



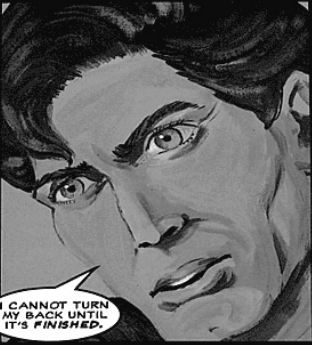
KNOW THIS,
FOR WHAT
IT'S WORTH-

HENRY
IS DEAD.
CLEOPATRA
KILLED HIM.



OH,
RAMSES...

TRUST IN ME THAT
I SHALL FIND A
PAINLESS WAY...
THAT I MUST DO
BEFORE MORE
INNOCENT BLOOD
IS SHED.



I CANNOT TURN
MY BACK UNTIL
IT'S FINISHED.



THE NILE ...



WHAT IS IT,
YOUR HIGHNESS?



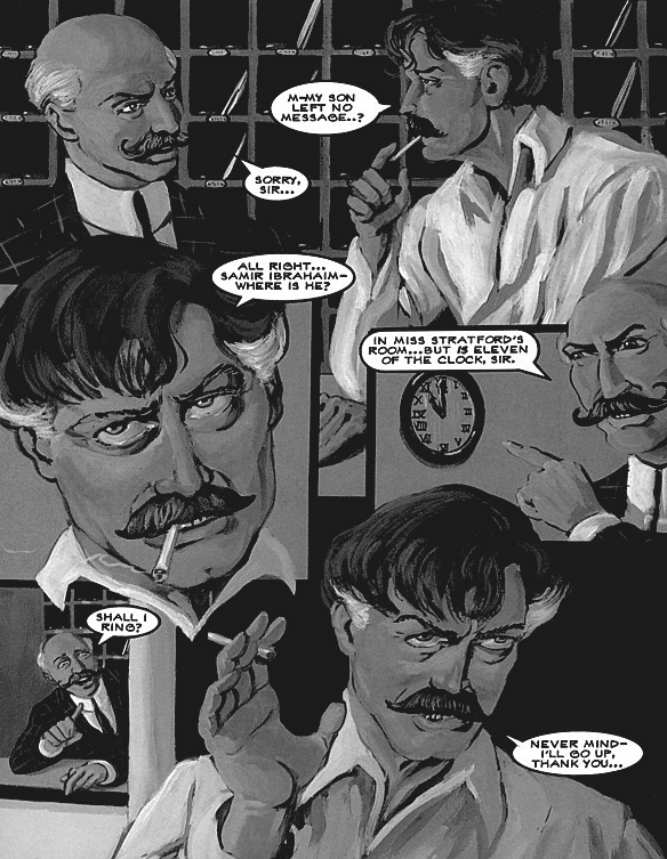
YOU'RE SO
TENDER WITH
ME, YOUNG
LORD SUMMER-
FIELD...



SUCH AN
UNEARTHLY
THING... WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM?



FROM THE
DARKNESS AND
COLDNESS...
KISS ME... I AM
ONLY WARM
WHEN I'M
KISSED...



M-MY SON
LEFT NO
MESSAGE..?

SORRY,
SIR...

ALL RIGHT...
SAMIR IBRAHAIM-
WHERE IS HE?

IN MISS STRATFORD'S
ROOM...BUT IS ELEVEN
OF THE CLOCK, SIR.

SHALL I
RING?

NEVER MIND-
I'LL GO UP,
THANK YOU...



TH-
THANK YOU,
SAMIR...



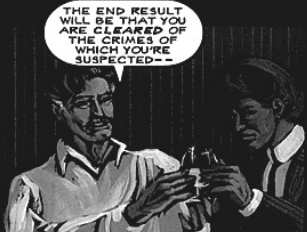
RAM-RAMSEY,
I SHALL COME
RIGHT TO THE
POINT...I HAVE
A PLAN...



...A P-PLAN TO
GET JULIE AND
MY SON OUT OF
HERE.



THE END RESULT
WILL BE THAT YOU
ARE CLEARED OF
THE CRIMES OF
WHICH YOU'RE
SUSPECTED--



- AND JULIE AND ALEX
WILL BE FREE TO LEAVE.



I'M NOT
GOING ANYWHERE,
ELLIOT...BUT ALEX
MUST BE ALLOWED
TO GO HOME AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE.



ANY GIN, SAMIR?
I PREFER GIN FOR
GETTING DRUNK.



ALL OF THIS
CAN BE PINNED
ON HENRY. HE
LAID THE GROUND
HIMSELF.



BUT YOU
MUST LIE
EFFECTIVELY.





IN SWEET STILLNESS OF
THE NIGHT, THE MOON
SHINES ON MY RICH
SILKS...SPARKLES IN
THE ROPES OF PEARLS.

THE GODLIKE MAN
WHO HAD DIVINELY
PLEASURED ME
SLEEPS THE SLEEP
OF CHILDREN...

...AND DREAMS COME
TO ME, PRETENDING TO
BE MEMORIES...

IMAGES OF OTHER NIGHTS, OF REAL
PALACES...OF RAMSES...



YOUR HIGHNESS...
WHERE ARE YOU?



NO ...



MY LOVE...
MY PRETTY YOUNG
LOVE ...



...SO WE MUST
TELL THE AUTHORITIES
THAT I ARGUED WITH
HENRY, FOLLOWED HIM TO
THE MUSEUM, AND THE
SOLDIERS APPREHENDED
ME?

YOU LIED FOR
EGYPT WHEN YOU
WERE KING. DID
YOU NOT?



BUT ELLIOT, WHAT
IF THESE CRIMES
CONTINUE?

THERE'S
NO PROOF THAT
HENRY'S DEAD, SO
IT'S PERFECTLY
PLAUSIBLE THAT
HENRY'S ROAMING
AROUND CAIRO.

AND JULIE
AND ALEX
WILL BE OUT
OF IT-



NO!
I TOLD YOU-

JULIE...





WHEN WE WERE
YOUNG, YOUR
FATHER AND I,
WE SPENT MANY
MONTHS IN EGYPT.
IT BECAME OUR
MUSE...OUR...
RELIGION...

WE DREAMED
OF SOME SECRET
KNOWLEDGE HERE
THAT WOULD TRANS-
PORT US FROM ALL
THINGS THAT LEAD
TO BOREDOM...AND
TO HOPLESSNESS.

I SEE
NOW THAT IT WAS
THE QUEST FOR
THAT KNOWLEDGE
THAT WAS THE
PASSION.

THE QUEST,
YOU UNDERSTAND?

I FEAR
FOR YOU,
MY DEAR.